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The Old Portrait.
"Home!" Well, perhaps she is;
But I never thought her so.
And it may be you wouldn't
If you had known her well, you know.
Yes, the eyes have lost their luster,
And the hair is gray, I know;
But the voice—ah! you never heard it—
It was always sweet and low.
The face may be full of wrinkles,
And the brow be marked by cares;
But when I look at those faded lips
I only think of my dear days.
I doubt if her hands were ever
As small and fair as your own;
But I know at another's fallings
They would never cast a stone.
I can look through the eyes' faded lustre
To the loving heart within,
And can see beneath the withered face
The life of perfect suffering.
And I think that the angels bending near,
When she knelt at night to pray,
Still kept their watch for her dear sake
When they took her from earth away.
For oft when my feet were straying
From the path that led to light,
For her tremulous voice in prayer
Came back again to me at night.
So I cannot see its homeliness,
Though since you spoke I've tried,
For every line of her sweet old face
My love has glorified.

When Jack's Tall and Twenty.
When Jack is tall and twenty,
We know what Jack will do,
With girls so sweet and plenty,
He'll find him one to woo.
And soon the lovers' twilight
Will hear a story told,
And Jack will die or fly sky high
For sake of half of gold.
Heaven, Jack, and heed me—
Ponder what I say!
'Tis fools are full of looks of gold,
For gold will turn to gray.
But Jack, if truth be spoken,
Is a simple Jack no more.
If gold his heart has broken,
'Tis scarce the gold of yore.
He waits of dower for daughters,
Not all in riddles will he
To beauty stooped, his heart will yield
To stamped and minted gold.
Heaven, Jack, and heed me—
Ponder what I say!
If gold hath wing, as poets sing,
Then gold may fleet away.
When Jack goes forth a-wooing,
If Jack has heart or head,
And would not soon be hearing
The hour that saw him wed,
He will not pine for grace,
Nor cringe for health to hold,
But strive and dare by service fair
To win a heart of gold.
Heaven, Jack, and heed me—
Ponder what I say!
The gear will fly, the bloom will die,
But love will last for aye.

Washington was never known to run
after a street car.
A bald head is like a vacuum, because
there is no air there.
A woman with pretty eyes can evoke
many languishing sighs.
As Spain seemed inclined to hold her
Yap, Germany decided to hold it for
her.

The pedestrian who was beaten in a
foot race by a colored man, said he was
"overtaken by darkness."
When a miner has been eaten by a
grizzly, the Western people speak of him
as being admitted to the 'bar.'
"By George!" said a Frenchman the
other morning, "I have slept sixteen
hours. I went to bed at eight and got
up at eight."
"Augustus," said Amelia, "how do oys-
ters get any air to breathe when their
shells are closed tight?" "Bi-valves,"
murmured Gus.
An ordinary woman's waist is thirty
inches around. An ordinary man's arm
is about thirty inches long. How admir-
able are the works, O nature!

Railways are aristocratic. They teach
a man to know his own station and stop
there. They are eminently social, too,
being held together by many ties.
Almost every man knows more than
his father until he is forty years old.
Then he drops into the ranks of the ig-
norant and begins to take lessons.
A temperance editor, in drawing atten-
tion to an article against ardent spirits
in one of his papers, says, "For the ef-
fects of Intemperance" see our inside."
A Nantucket woman has had a wart
taken from her nose by the fair cure. If
the faith cure can only keep on and make
a Nantucket woman handsome, it's a big
thing.
A Mr. Peterson has written a poem to
say that the more he sees of man the
more he likes his dog. Mr. Peterson has
evidently been taking a rear view of a
departing burglar's pants.

A chip of the old block—Moses Scha-
umburg was romping with his youngest
offspring the other day. In order to test
the child's affection he asked, "Schachob,
which do you love most, me or your mod-
der?" "I loves you most by 25 per cent."

"How fortunate I am in meeting a rain
beast in this storm!" said a young lady
who was caught in a shower the other
day, to her bean of promise who happen-
ed along with an umbrella. "And I,"
said he gallantly, "am as much rejoiced
as the poor Laplander when he has
caught a rein deer.
"You are very late sending your even-
ing mail out," said an editor to his daugh-
ter, when he came home at two in the
morning, and met a timid, shrinking
young man from the front door and the
gate. "Not at all," answered the
thoughtful girl; "Charles Henry is now
a morning edition."

Aunt Mitable's Things.
The orange glow of the March twi-
light threw the leafless cypresses into
strong relief; the little brook had
burst its thick crust of ice, and sang
merrily under the velvet fringes of
the pussy-willows, and up from the
woods there came an indescribable
odor of spring. A red flag rolled up
and tied around its stick by a hemp
string, lay just inside the yard, when
Mrs. Grigson came in with the last
pail of water that she should ever
draw from that old well. She sighed
as she filled the squat copper kettle
and hung it over the fire.
"The auction sale is to be to-mor-
row," said she, "and I never was so
glad of anything in all my born days.
Such a time as I've had cleanin' up
and scrubbin' down and scourin' and
polishin'! There ain't a bone in my
body but aches."
"It's all time and trouble thrown
away," sepulchraly observed Miss
Ketchum, who dropped in on her way
from the store; "the old traps won't
sell for a sixpence apiece—you see
if they do."

"But the things ain't no use to
me," said Mrs. Grigson. "And I need
a little money so awful bad! As for
the poor luck I've had, right straight
through, there ain't no calculatin' it.
Ef I was to tell you, Martha Ketchum,
you wouldn't believe it. Even
down to my last gold dollar!"
"Ef?" said Miss Ketchum. Be-
ing of a melancholy turn, she liked
to hear sad recitals, although per-
sonally her sympathies were enlisted
on the Widow Grigson's side.
"Why, it was last week," said
Mrs. Grigson, in the level, complain-
ing tone that always reminded you
of the little brook down in the hol-
low, "brother Lyman left his little
Brazil monkey here overnight. He
was a calculatin' to sell it to Mrs.
Gartney's little boy, John Henry.
And ef you'll believe me, the mis-
able critter swallowed the gold dollar
I'd left on my bureau to pay the meat
peddler with, and dropped his silver
spoons down the well."

"La!" said Miss Ketchum.
"I seen him champlin' it between
his jaws," said Mrs. Grigson,
"and shake and squeeze him as
I would, I couldn't get it out of him!"
"Well, I never did!" remarked
the guest.

"It did seem as ef that was the
last straw that broke the camel's
back," sighed Mrs. Grigson. "Broth-
er Lyman he was dreadful consarned
about it, but he couldn't do nothin'
for me. He offered to kill the mon-
key, but I knowed how disappointed
John Henry Gartney would be, and,
after all, the critter had only acted
accordin' to its natur' and they was
to pay brother Lyman a dollar and a
half for him. As for the specs,
brother Lyman fished up with a long
pole with a crooked pin latched on
to the end of it. The glasses was
broke, but the frames is good yet.
I'm kalkilatin' to get 'em mended
when—"

"Wonder how much the feather-
bed 'll go for!" said Miss Ketchum,
breaking in on the monotonous re-
frain.
"There ain't no tellin'," said Mrs.
Grigson. "They're dreadful old.
Aunt Mitable she'd kept 'em house
for forty year, and never had nothin'
new. I don't s'pose an auction sale
will pay, but what else could I do
with all the old odds? Squire Dag-
gett wass possention of the place at
once, and—"

"Ain't gwine to sell these 'ere
plants, be ye?" said Miss Ketchum,
nodding towards a green-painted
stand in the corner.
"Brother Lyman thought they
might fetch a few cents," said Mrs.
Grigson. "And the stand ought to
be worth a quarter of a dollar. It
had a new coat of paint a year ago.
I give one 'Jrusalem cherry-tree to
Abigail Barton for helpin' me to
clean out the old cupboard. She's
been dreadful neighborly, and she
wouldn't take a penny for what she
did."

"More fool she," curtly observed
Miss Ketchum. "I'd like that month-
ly rose with the striped blooms on it."
"It is pretty," said Mrs. Grigson,
ignoring the broad hint. "And I
guess it'll sell cheap. I'd like the
friend to have it, for the slip it growed
from was give me by Grigson the
very first year we was married."
And as she was not invited to stay
to tea, Miss Ketchum at last went
away, leaving Mrs. Grigson sitting
sorrowfully before the fire of discar-
ded barrel staves, ruinous packing
boxes, ancient chair legs and wood-
en stools which had absolutely re-
fused to be made capable of further
service. "Aunt Mitable"—which
name was a perversion of the good
old New England premonition Mehta-
ble—had been all the mother she had
known, and it seemed lonesome
enough to be sitting there in the lone-
some house with Aunt Mitable tuck-
ed away in a corner of the frozen
church-yard. Her husband was dead,
and her three little children were
struggling up in the world as best
they could. She had had a position
as janitress in a public school, but
she had lost it when she came to Mul-
lien farm to nurse Aunt Mitable in
her last illness; and now she scarce-
ly knew which way to turn. Brother
Lyman, her only living relative, was
poorer than herself—a good-natured,
empty-pocketed man, who occupied

some position on a sailing vessel
which plied between Boston and the
Azores islands. There was a mort-
gage on the place which had swallow-
ed up all aspirations in the direction
of selling it, and Mrs. Grigson faint-
ly hoped that the auction sale might
help to pay the expenses of her old
aunt's burial. Otherwise she did not,
to use her own expression, "see her
way clear."

Mrs. Grigson was not a sentiment-
alist. A janitress in a public
school building, with forefinger
roughened by the coarsest needle-
work, and mind narrowed down by
the daily tread-mill of the most
groveling cares, has not much time
for that sort of indulgence; but as
she sat there, drinking an infusion of
the weakest tea, and watching the
yellow March moonlight lay the pat-
tern of the uncurtained window on
the floor, while the barrel staves
smoldered into carmine tinted ashes,
she could but remember the days
when she had hoped for a different
life.
"I was a gal then," thought Mrs.
Grigson. "It didn't seem as if there
was anything impossible. Well,
well, I s'pose most folks are disap-
pinted jest as bad as I be, ef they
live long enough."
And then the poor widow went to
bed to keep warm; and all night
long the yellow moonlight flooded
the solitary room where Aunt Mit-
table had died, and a solitary cricket
sang on the hearthstone
where the red ashes had long since
faded into white dust.

The morrow dawned wild, bright
and windy, as March mornings often
come rushing over the bleak Connecti-
cut hillsides. The auctioneer ar-
rived in a one-horse buggy from the
village; the neighbors assembled
from all points of the compass. For
in Feltville Four Corners people en-
tertained the same sentiment towards
an auction sale as New Yorkers feel
toward a private view of the Acad-
emy of Design, or a flower show at the
Madison Square Garden. Miss
Ketchum was there in her best dyed
shawl, and the bonnet which the ir-
reverent youth of the neighborhood
had christened "Old Plymouth Rock,"
from the fossilized appearance of its
feathers; Squire Daggett drove down
in his family carry-all with the six
Misses Daggett. The parson and
the parson's wife were there, punch-
ing bolsters and inspecting pillows,
and counting cups and saucers. A
man who was vaguely reported to be
an emigrant from an old curiosity shop
in the city was prowling about with a
memorandum-book under his arm.
Everybody was there, even down to
the village fool, who had been al-
lowed to come with his grandmother,
under solemn promise of "not speak-
ing a word the whole time." In her
special corner Abigail Barton was
whispering to a knot of eager women
with much excited gesticulation, and
close by the high wooden mantel sat
poor Mrs. Grigson in her best gown,
trembling a little, she scarcely knew
why.

"Aunt Mitable was always par-
tial to auction vendueos," said she to
herself. "It does seem as ef she'd
ought to be here."
And she thought of the lonely
grave under last year's weedy mullein
stalks in the neglected corner of
the church-yard, and sighed.
"I'll set a rose o' Sharon there as
soon as the spring fairly opens,"
mused she. "Aunt Mitable always
liked flowers."

And the crowd around Abigail
Barton increased, and a sort of in-
tangible thrill went through the rooms
like an electric current.
"Is anything wrong?" Mrs. Grig-
son asked nervously. "Hev they
heard any news?"
"I seen it myself," she could hear
Abigail saying; "I've got it to hum
in my pocketbook. I've always heard
that she was queer, and I shouldn't
wonder if that was the way she'd
hoarded up."

Mrs. Grigson rose to join the
group; but just then the auctioneer's
voice drowned all else in its high,
sing-song drone: "Now, then, ladies
and gentlemen, if you please," and
the sale began in good earnest.
The breadths of well-worn rag car-
pet brought a pitiful sum, the four
hair-cloth "cheers" in the best
parlor, and a certain uncompromis-
ing sofa of the same slippery materi-
al, realized twenty dollars, and the
wooden clock was bid up to six dol-
lars and a half by Squire Daggett
himself.
"He can't know that the machin-
ery's clear worn out, and it haint
struck in six months," said Mrs.
Grigson. "I don't know but it's my
duty to tell him."

"Hold your tongue, Naomi," whis-
pered brother Lyman, who, with his
hands in his pockets, was flattened
up against the wall. "I guess all
the neighbors hereabouts know as
much about Aunt Mitable's clock as
you do."
"Eight dollars for the old feather-
bed! Folks must be crazy!" said
Mrs. Grigson. "And a dollar apiece
for them worn-out bed-quilts! Is the
world comin' to an end?"
But when they came to the stand
of house plants, Mrs. Grigson's
amazement reached its culminating
point. The striped monthly rose
brought a dollar; a stumpy old lem-
on bush in a green tub, which had
never been suspected of the faintest

inclination to bloom, ran up to five;
a myrtle-tree ascended the scale,
and was finally knocked down at ten
and a half; an oleander was bid up
to three; half a dozen spindling fish-
geraniums varied from fifty cents to
a dollar each, and ten callas and a
sickly carnation were bought by Miss
Dora Daggett at seventy-five cents
each; and the surplussage of pallid
primroses and cactus monstrosities
was lumped at a dollar to Mr. Tows,
whose door-yard was laid out in car-
rots and parsnips, and who did not
know a pokeberry bush from a holly
bush.
"Be folks mad?" said breathless
Mrs. Grigson.
The proceeds of the flower stand
amounted to eighteen dollars, and the
purchasers eagerly seized their
property and carried it off, as if un-
willing to let it out of their sight, and
the sale went briskly on.
"Well, Naomi," said brother Ly-
man, chucking, when the "vendueo"
was over, "how much did you ex-
pect to git for Aunt Mitable's
things?"
"I did hope for fifty dollars, all
told," said Mrs. Grigson. "But
Miss Ketchum said I was a fool for
kalkilatin' on any such sum."

"What d'ye say to two hundred?"
said brother Lyman gleefully.
"What!" shrieked Mrs. Grigson.
"Lyman, you're a pokin' fun at me."
"No, I ain't," cheerfully spoke
up brother Lyman. "It's two hun-
dred and fifteen dollars and eighty-
eight cents; that's what it is! Oh,
ef ye'd only seen the women-folks a
carryin' out Aunt Mitable's house-
plants nugged up close to 'em, like
they was little babies!"
Brother Lyman stopped to shake
all over with a species of inaudible
laughter which convulsed him as tho'
he was a moid of jelly.
"Two hundred and fifteen dollars!"
gasped Mrs. Grigson. "It's like a
dream."
The auctioneer counted out the
bills into the good woman's toil-
hardened hands.
"I congratulate you, ma'am,"
said he.
"Are you sure there ain't no mis-
take?" said Mrs. Grigson.
"Quite sure, ma'am."
"Well, I don't nobow understand
it," said the widow, slowly shaking
her head. "Praps, Mr. Pulfied, you
can explain it to me?"
The auctioneer looked around,
winked one eye solemnly, and twist-
ed his quill pen backward and for-
ward.
"No one here?" said he.
"Not a soul," declared brother Ly-
man.

"Everybody gone?"
"Yes, everybody."
"Then look here," said the auc-
tioneer. "I couldn't help catchin' a
word now and then, and it wint no
business of mine to interfere."
"I don't understand," said Mrs.
Grigson, more bewildered than ever.
"Don't ye, now? Well, less see ef
I can't make it clear 't'ye," said Mr.
Pulfied. "Abigail Barton, she was
a whisperin' to Deacon Plimpton's
widow how 't she found a little gold
dollar buried in the earth to a flower
pot that held a Jrusalem cherry-tree
you give her; and it went from one
to another like wild-fire. Oh, yes,
Mrs. Grigson, your Aunt Mitable
was a good woman, but awful queer.
And every man, woman and child
will be rippin' open feather-beds,
diggin' up house-plants, and pokin'
into chear seats and bureau drawers
for hidden treasure. See?"
"You don't s'pose—" cried Mrs.
Grigson.

"Yes, I do s'pose," said the auc-
tioneer. "If folks will be fools,
there ain't no way of preventin' 'em
as ever I knowed of. And I wish
'em good luck findin' what your Aunt
Mitable has hid there."
"Well, I declare!" said Mrs.
Grigson.
"Your things hev sold very well,
ma'am," said Mr. Pulfied, buttoning
up his coat. "I don't know when
we've had such a successful auction
sale in the neighborhood."
Mrs. Grigson went back to the city
feeling richer than any capitalist.
And not until the train was running
into the New Haven depot did she
start from her seat in the corner of
the car. "It was the monkey," she
said, speaking aloud in the sudden
enlightenment of her soul—"brother
Lyman's monkey! And there was
me, poor, simple critter, a repinin'
agin the mischief he had done!"
The other passengers stared dubi-
ously at her, wondering if they had
come all the way from Feltville Four
Corners with a crazy woman. An
old woman took up a basket and a
shawl-trap and went to the other
end of the car.

But they need not have been alar-
med. Mrs. Grigson was not crazy.
"Pa," said Johnny Caution, "do
you remember that poem about 'A
Chieftain to the Highlands Bound,'
telling the sculler to bump himself be-
cause he'd come the Charlie Ross at
some old duffer and stole his gal?"
"Your description is very inelegant,
John, but I recall the verses you
speak of."
"Well, I'll go you one
that the girl's name was Juliet."
"Why?" "Cause the feller with
her said he'd put up dross ef the fer-
ryboat man would 'Ro-me-o' the wa-
ter."

Acute rheumatism is an inflammation of the
joints, marked by pain, heat and redness. With
these symptoms apply Salvation Oil, the great pain
cure at once. Price 25 cents a bottle.
Nothing tries the patience of a man more than to
listen to a hacking cough, which he knows could
easily be cured with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

"No one not troubled, is aware of the peculiar
pain, anguish of mind and forebodings of death
one suffers who has Heart Disease" writes Rev. W.
H. Long, Clay City, Ind. "Dr. Graves' Heart
Regulator cured me." \$1.00 at druggists. Free
pamphlet of F. F. Ingalls, Cambridge, Mass.

**BELEAGUERED CHATTA-
NOOGA.**
From General Grant's paper, in
the November Century, describing
the campaign and battle of Chat-
tanooga, we quote the following ac-
count of the condition of the supplies
that reached the beleagued city: "All
supplies for Rosecrans had to be
brought from Nashville. The rail-
road between this base and the army
was in possession of the government
up to Bridgeport, the point at which
the road crosses to the south side of
the Tennessee River; but Bragg,
holding Lookout and Raccoon moun-
tains west of Chattanooga, com-
manded the railroad, the river, and
the shortest and the best wagon
roads both south and north of the
Tennessee, between Chattanooga
and Bridgeport. The distance be-
tween these two places is but twenty-
six miles by rail; but owing to this
position of Bragg all supplies for
Rosecrans had to be hauled by a cir-
cuitous route, north of the river, and
over a mountainous country, increas-
ing the distance to over sixty miles.
This country afforded but little food
for his animals, nearly ten thousand
of which had already starved, and
none were left to draw a single piece
of artillery or even the ambulances
to convey the sick. The men had
been on half rations of hard bread
for a considerable time, with but
few other supplies, except beef driven
from Nashville across the country.
The region along the road became so
exhausted of food for the cattle that
by the time they reached Chat-
tanooga they were much in the con-
dition of the few animals left alive
there, 'on the lift.' Indeed, the
beef was so poor that the soldiers
were in the habit of saying, with a
faint facetiousness, that they were
living on half rations of hard bread
and 'beef dried on the hoof.' Noth-
ing could be transported but food,
and the troops were without sufficient
shoes or other clothing suitable for
the advancing season. What they
had was well worn. The fuel within
the federal lines was exhausted, even
to the stumps of trees. There were
no teams to draw it from the op-
posite bank, where it was abundant.
The only means for supplying fuel,
for some time before my arrival, had
been to cut trees from the north
bank of the river, at a considerable
distance up the stream, form rafts of
it, and float it down with the cur-
rent, effecting a landing on the south
side, within our lines, by the use of
paddles or poles. It would then be
carried on the shoulders of the men
to their camps."

A TURNIP STORY.
A farmer was once told that his
turnip field had been robbed, and
that the robbery had been committed
by a poor, inoffensive man, by the
name of Palmer, who many of the
people in the village said had taken
away a wagon-load of turnips.
Farmer Brown much exasperated
by the loss of his turnips, determin-
ed to prosecute poor Palmer with all
the severity of the law. With this
intention he went to Molly Sanders,
the washerwoman, who had been
busy spreading the report, to know
the whole truth; but Molly denied
ever having said anything about the
wagon-load of turnips. It was but
a carload that Palmer had taken,
and Dame Hodson, the butcher, had
told her so over and over again.
The farmer, hearing this, went to
Dame Hodson, who said that Molly
Sanders was always making things
out worse than they really were, that
Palmer had taken only a wheel-bar-
row load of turnips, and that she had
her account from Jenkins, the tailor.
Away went the farmer to Jenkins,
the tailor, who stoutly denied the ac-
count altogether; he had only told
Dame Hodson that Palmer had pulled
up several turnips, but how many he
could not tell, for that he did not see
himself, but was told it by Tom
Slack, the plowman.

Wondering where this would end,
Farmer Brown next questioned Tom
Slack, who, in turn, declared he had
never said a word about seeing Pal-
mer pull up several turnips; he only
said that he had heard say that Pal-
mer had pulled up a turnip, and Barnes,
the barber, was the one that told him
about it.

The farmer almost out of patience
at this account, hurried on to Barnes,
the barber, who wondered much that
people should find pleasure in spread-
ing idle tales which have no truth!
He assured the farmer all he had
said about the matter, while he took
off the beard of Tom Slack, was that
for all he knew, Palmer was as like-
ly a man to pull up a turnip as any
of his neighbors.

"I never did take much stock in
that story about fish being such fine
brain food," inadvertently remarked
Smith, "and I take less stock in it
than ever now that I have lived off
little else some time past. I think
I'll quit them." "I wouldn't if I
were you, old boy," feelingly remark-
ed Smithers; "you see the fish in or-
der to improve the brain must be
something to work upon. They can't
create the thing." And then Smith
said that Smithers talked for all the
world like his wife.

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For twenty-five cents you can buy a pound pack-
age of the celebrated Day's Horse Powder.
To ignore the warnings of an approaching illness
is highly imprudent. Use Dr. Bull's Baby's
Bottle Pills when the first symptoms appear. 25 cts.
All babies are dissatisfied Cansars, but they need
Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup for colic, flatulency, &c.

TESTING A MAN'S COURAGE.
It is the battlefield which tests a
man's courage. A regiment is in
line on the edge of a wood. Half
a mile away is another wood. Between
the two is a meadow bare of the
slightest shelter. The regiment is
ordered to advance. As the line
moves out into the clear sunlight
every man will reason to himself:
"The enemy is posted in the op-
posite timber. Before we are half
way over he will open on us with
shell. One battery will cover our
regimental front. This is my last
day!"
So each man reasons, but every
face is sternly set to a "front," and
not a foot misses step as the line
pushes across the meadow. The
shells come, and dozens of men are
blown to gory fragments, but the
line moves on as before, and the
living reason:
"The fire will presently change
from shell to grape and canister,
and then I shall certainly be hit!"
The prediction is verified. Gaps
are opened through the double line,
but only to be closed again. The
regiment has lost its marching step,
and its lines are no longer perfect,
but the movement is still onward,
and men reason:
"The infantry are in support of
the battery. I have escaped shell
and grape, but when we come under
the fire of the musketry we shall be
slaughtered!"
There is no hanging back, no
obliging to right or left, no other
thought than to push ahead. The
grape ceases, and lead takes the
place of iron. The lines are further
dis